

RAINING FIRE HORSES.

Mice and matches, or boy and fire-tracker, and in a few minutes the grimy tenement house is wrapped in smoke and flames. The police have already turned on an alarm, but can the engines arrive swiftly enough to save life and property?

That's when the fire horse shows his mettle. The alarm has hardly been in three minutes, and here come the engines! Bells ringing, sparks flying, the fire ladders scrambling into their slickers, and the powerful horses, flanks in a lather, with the heavy five-ton engines bounding behind them like things of no weight. It takes a horse with a bit of blood to do such work. As much pluck is required as it is necessary to the thoroughbred, when he has to shove off a challenge all the way down the stretch, and with a final effort thrust his lean head a hand's breadth the first over the finish line.

There are no better horses and no smarter ladders than those to be found in Engine House No. 10, on East Twenty-fifth street, and I dropped in there the other day, filled with curiosity, desiring to learn how they train the horses, and the sort they prefer for the work.

"There," said Assistant Foreman M. R. Morrison, "is a horse we received on May 1st. I'll show you how he works." He then cut a big, upstanding bay with black points, that was standing alert but docile in the doorless box at the left of the engine, a perfect model of what a fire horse should be. Then turning to John Barrett, the engineer, he continued, "Call all hands down." This was done, and in the twinkling of an eye a dozen men had swarmed down the polished brass rails which led to their sleeping quarters above, and stood ready and attentive awaiting orders.

I watched the new horse. His ears were pricked forward and he stood as rigid and still as any of the bronze or marble chargers of our equestrian statues—though his proportions were naturally more symmetrical.

The engineer pressed the button. The engine bounded startlingly loud, and then many things happened in a few brief minutes. In that it was that able to see and understand them all. I know that half a dozen powerful horses were dashing madly up the narrow intricacies of the engine house, and that though their hands was on their headstalls, they avoided even brushing against any of the machinery, and that there were no clicks as the steel snaps were fastened, and then the engines were ready to start, and fight the flames, as they had and I fought them before.

It was new horse?

Yes, in his position on the near side of the leading engine, Foreman Morrison said to me with, "What do you think of it?" I thought for a green horse, and I thought it was a wonderful smart work and I said so, and I was more gratified than surprised when the boys told me the horse was going to call the big bay Journal, because, as they said, he was such a good horse, he deserves a first rate name.

Fire horses are like whiskey, some are better than others, but none is absolutely bad.

The training of a fire horse is simple. Some have narrow intellects and seem to be a cut or habit easily—incidentally, as I said to be a characteristic of dullness—and advantage is taken of this in training the horse. To stand for hours with the pillar ropes fastened to the headstall, to spring to attention at the first stroke of the gong, to exert every muscle in the attempt to reach the fire in record time to display contemptuous indifference to the ordinary deviousness of the stock of the engine.

It is instilled by repetition. Day after day the horse goes through the same routine until it becomes a second nature. The instructors find their task made easier by the generous disposition of the horse. It finds strength and companionship



Simple Method of Training Fire Horses.

HERE'S A YOUNG HERCULES.

Charlie Sandru, of Brooklyn, Has Remarkable Strength, but He Is Not Going on the Stage.

He looks just like an ordinary, every day boy. He likes to go in swimming in a South Sea Island bathing costume when the "coops" are not around, he carried the usual assortment of horseshoe nails, bits of string, marbles and cigarette pictures in the mysterious depths of his diminutive pockets. He has a seven-year-old brother that he can "lick," and in every respect, save one, is really an excellent sample of all the bright boys in Greater New York.

In one particular, however, little ten-year-old Charlie Sandru differs from his playmates, and that is that he is a veritable pocket edition of a nineteenth century Hercules.

Charlie weighs only fifty-two pounds net, but with boyish pride depicted in his bright eyes he easily puts up a fifty-pound dumb-bell fifteen times with either hand. He also has performed many other marvelous feats of strength, one of which is lying on his back, raising a fifty-pound bell in his hands and at the same time lifting a platform with his legs on which two grown men are standing, one of whom is his father. Their aggregate weight is something more than three hundred pounds. He has also lifted one mother clear of the floor and has often carried the whole family a considerable distance.

This miniature edition of Sampson is a modest little fellow, a pupil at Terrace School, South Brooklyn, where he stands

well in his class. His parents are natives of Denmark, and little Charlie was born in Copenhagen.

The family came to this country four years ago, when Mr. Sandru obtained a position at his trade of machinist. He is quite a strong man, but up to two years ago never thought his son was a prodigy, any more than fond fathers generally do of their offspring.

About that time he first began to lift weights and nearly frightened his mother into hysterics by lifting a sixteen-pound weight. When Sandru returned from work that night he repeated the feat and since that time has kept regularly at work developing his strong little body.

The boy's chest and back are marvelously developed, while his arms, although thin, are hard as rocks. He uses five-pound dumb-bells and two-pound Indian clubs for regular exercise and practices two hours every afternoon.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sandru will allow the muscular midget to go on the stage, and his father's plans for the boy's future are that, after he finishes his good education as possible, he hopes to have him learn a trade, preferably that of machinist, and become a credit to his adopted country.

HERE FOOLS RUSH IN.

The Most Ignorant Will Express an Opinion on Horse Racing.

"The way that men openly and unreasonably make fools of themselves by loud and blatant talk about racing is not equalled in any other matter on earth," remarked the veteran turfman, as he enjoyed the evening breezes at Manhattan Beach. "If a man was so ignorant of stock dealing operations that he did not know a bull from a bear he would hesitate to announce this to the public at large from the house-tops."

It's not so with racing. The other day I was on the special train to Aqueduct from Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, and one of my fellow-passengers was a stout, good-natured looking man. The day was roasting, but that man indulged in volubrious rhetoric and energetic pantomime all the way to the race course. I don't know what jockey he was talking about, but I do know that he was talking absolute, unadorned rot. He was trying to convince a companion that some jockey had pulled a horse on the previous day, and was mad clear through with the newspaper writers because they had not said so.

"He announced in tones loud enough to be heard from one end of the car to the other that there are two kinds of riding. He illustrated these in pantomime. 'Ah, you did not see how he rode,' he exclaimed, 'he had his hands so,' and he put his own hands down in such a position as a jockey's might be in if he were riding a good, steady gallop. Then the companion made some inaudible remark."

"What, ride like that and win? No; if he'd been trying to win he'd have had his hands like this," and he literally put his hands up by his ears. "He'd have lifted him. That's the way to ride a finish." "Pshaw! These damned fools make me sick," and the veteran relapsed into disgusted silence.

HOBART'S TENNIS GOSSIP.

E. L. Hall's Present Game Shows Little of Its Former Brilliance.

E. L. Hall, who has not been playing in public for several years, reappeared at Tuxedo. He was without doubt tempted from his retirement by the forlorn hope of getting his name on the great challenge cup for the third time, he having held it in '91 and '92. He was then one of the greatest performers this country has ever seen, but his present game shows hardly a vestige of its former brilliancy. Whitman and Ware were very evenly matched last year, but it looks now as if the former were drawing ahead. He defeated Ware in the semi-finals with something to spare, and his game seems to give greater promise.

The final match between Fischer and Whitman was interesting from start to finish. Fischer's tennis is not often seen. The bearing of the two men was a study in temperament. Fischer was nervous, excitable and erratic, quick in all his movements, even in walking about the court, and apparently consuming a great amount of vital energy. Whitman was his direct antithesis, cool and deliberate, immovable of expression, and almost sluggish even in action. It is a question which is the winning temperament, but I am inclined to the opinion that the nervous one is capable of driving its possessor to greater achievements, while the other is certainly better at a crisis and in the long run is perhaps as serviceable. The one is ever on the offensive; the other on the defensive. Fischer was the aggressor throughout, hitting hard and getting to the net at every opportunity.

Whitman has two services—one the ordinary overhand, the other a peculiar overhand reverse cut which drives the ball swiftly with a curve to the striker's left, but which breaks from the ground to his right. He has this unusual but serviceable stroke under good control, and must score many aces on it. Fischer handled it admirably, showing familiarity with it, although in several cases he was caught off his guard and misused, so to speak. Pettit the Newport professional, is the only other player, so far as I know, who has acquired this service, and he has not perfected it to such an extent as Whitman. Both men sunshined well, and Whitman's lobbing was a feature, but his backhand was too uncertain, particularly on the first return, when he often failed to raise the ball over the net.

Malcolm Chace, the holder of the Tuxedo cup, did not show up for practice until the day the finals were decided. He told the writer he had not played a set since his defeat by Foote at New Haven. His lack of practice was evident in his match with Fischer, his game being decidedly ragged, and the challenger outplaying him at almost every point. If he set great value by the trophy, which is certainly worth having, he was unwise in neglecting his practice, which would have made success almost a certainty for him.

Former winners of Tuxedo honors are: 1891—Holder, E. L. Hall; winner of tournament, E. L. Hall; doubles, V. G. Hall and O. S. Campbell. 1892—Holder, E. L. Hall; winner of tournament, W. A. Larned; doubles, R. D. Wrenn and A. E. Wright. 1893—Holder, C. Hobart; winner of tournament, C. Hobart; doubles, F. H. Hovey and C. Hobart. 1894—Holder, M. G. Chace; winner of tournament, M. G. Chace; doubles, A. E. Foote and John Howland. 1895—Holder, M. G. Chace; winner of tournament, W. A. Larned; doubles, W. A. Larned and A. E. Foote.

The Buffalo tournament resulted, as was expected, in a victory for Fischer in the singles, after a close match with Ware in the finals, and in the success of Ware and Sander in the doubles. Ware was within a point of making the score two sets all with Fischer, and many justly be considered in his conqueror's class. Fischer is much stronger in singles this year than ever before, but in doubles, which was formerly his forte, he has apparently gone backward. His two successive defeats by Lieutenants Davis and Bethel, when playing with Davidson and Fare, are hard to account for.

The Norwood Park invitation event, which will begin August 3, will undoubtedly be one of the most successful events of the season. The tournament is conducted on the round robin plan, each player meeting every other, and the winner has his name inscribed on a cup, which must be won twice, not necessarily in consecutive years, before becoming any one's personal

property. Wrenn won this tournament in 1894, and Larned last year. R. D. Wrenn, Noel, Stevens, G. L. Wrenn, Jr., Chace and Hobart have been invited this year, and the first four have accepted. The courts are of excellent turf, and the matches are the best three out of five, affording an unequalled opportunity to tune up for Newport, which comes two weeks later.

Larned's defeat in the third round of the Wimbledon tournament at the hands of H. Baddeley, by three sets to one, was a great disappointment to lovers of tennis on this side of the water. Two weeks ago at Bristol, for the West of England championship, Larned beat Baddeley three sets

to two, and the Sage now spoke sorrowfully: "Miss Dorothy Prue had a family mare, and the mare had a weanling colt, and she doted with care on the equine pair till the youngster, like a doer, in a storm one day was turned to clay, struck by a thunder-bolt."

The Peripatetic Poet purpled with pain. The Sanguine Scientist sobbed soulfully. The Listener looked learnedly leavies. The Sage steered on sternly.

"Tis a Summer night, and a sorrowful scene the pale moon looks upon. Digging away huge sods of green is Miss Prue with her bloomers on. And a grave is made where the colt is laid and never a band plays on."

Science cuts all the ice at this juncture. "Day by day the old family mare strays alone to the spot, mourning, no doubt, the loss of her heir, thinking, I know not

CHAMPION MINIATURE YACHT.

Here is a picture showing the American Model Yacht Club's remarkable sailing model, the Star, in her "dry dock," just after being fitted out with a new bowsprit in place of the one which was splintered on the Fourth of July during a race with the Wave Crest's champion, the Ripple.

In the miniature yachting world the Star enjoys the same renown and enviable position as the Defender does among the big boats. She is practically invincible. She has up to date won fifty races in the easiest possible manner. In all of her races she has literally walked away from her competitors as though the little yachts that were seeking her laurels were anchored buoys. Though not designed on seemingly graceful lines, and both odd and apparently clumsily constructed, the Star, under sail, makes an appearance that promptly sets the heart of the old salt throbbing with enthusiasm.

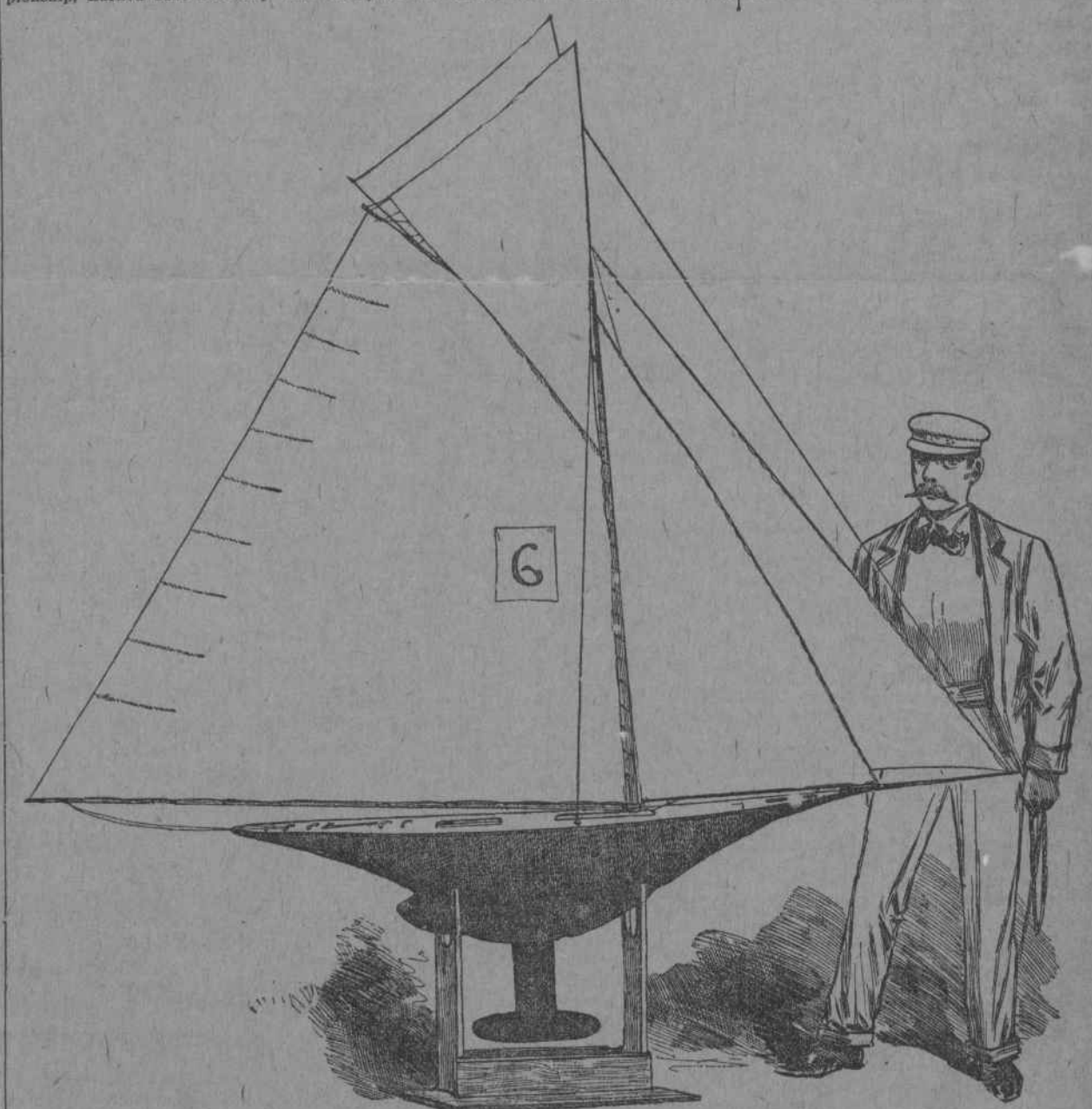
Light or heavy winds make no difference to the Star, as she amply demonstrated in her contest with the Ripple.

The Star was designed by G. W. Townley during the Winter of 1889 upon lines exclusively his own. The following Summer Mr. Townley, having the "scurvy" of his convictions, built the model at Henson's shop with the advice and assistance of Messrs. Scott and Hebborn. As the original designs called for, she was fitted with a centreboard, but about two years ago Mr. Townley had her changed to a fin keel of peculiar design, as the illustration shows. Every inch of her is of white cedar, with the exception of the rails, which are constructed of ash.

She is sloop rigged, carrying a topsail, main topsail, jib and foresail, which, together with her mainsail, make her sail area 2,600 inches. The Star is 46 inches on the water line, 64 inches over all, 14 inches beam, 12 inches in depth, and draws 16 to 17 inches of water.

On Labor Day the Star will again be pitted against the Ripple, the first race having resulted in a fluke, owing to the lack of wind.

The races of these model yachts are sailed upon the same lines as the giant single stickers, with a few exceptions, the only difference in their handling being the absence of the skipper aboard, of course. Each vessel, however, has a helmsman, who follows in a rowboat. His skill and attention are only deemed essential when she must "change about" on another tack, a novel spring and string attachment



American Model Yacht Club's Champion Star.

to love, and it most unfortunate that this pleasing result should have been so completely reversed in the most important tournament of the English season. Larned, however, has on the whole done extremely well, his record far exceeding that of any other representative we have ever had on the other side, and there is no doubt but that at the end of the year he will have achieved a high ranking among British players.

MISS PRUE'S MARE.

And the Sad Fate That Came to the Weanling Colt.

"Because a man wears duck trousers he isn't necessarily in the swim." The Sage was telling the story.

"No," he resumed, thoughtfully, "that is a pathetic truth. I, for instance, cannot live within my income. I cannot live without it. That is another pathetic truth."

"Truth and pathos are often linked," assented the Patient Listener, the Sanguine Scientist and the Peripatetic Poet.

"Often, but not always," said the Sage. "Listen." And then he told the story.

"Miss Dorothy Prue was a prudent maid of a singular turn of mind, proud and prim and likewise staid as ever a man could find. Of a fearless will, yet cherishing still the hope that love was blind."

The Peripatetic Poet grew uneasy at this juncture, but the Sanguine Scientist alluded him with a stony stare, and the Sage sang on:

"Gleeful she had, but never a lad into her came to woo, and it seemed too bad, and passing sad, none cared for Dorothy Prue. Yet ofttime's glad, or downright mad, she lived in hope anew."

what. Yet the neighbors view the work of Miss Prue as the worst of evils.

"There is pathos!" exclaimed the Sanguine Scientist and the Patient Listener. "The pathetic part of it," explained the Sage, speaking slowly, "the pathetic part of it is that on the night following the burial of the weanling the body was exhumed and sold to a glue factory, neither Miss Prue nor the mare being the wiser to this day."

"Pretty strong woman, that Miss Prue," ventured the Peripatetic Poet.

"Pretty strong story," said the Sage. Thus truth and pathos dissembled.

MAX.

connected with the boom and tiller, performing almost the same service as human hands could give when she is sailing freely before the wind.

Under the rules governing these matches the oarsman and helmsman, when desiring to make his model take another tack, must, the moment he reaches for the yacht's sheet, stop rowing and remove his oars from the water. The rule covering this point is very stringent, and if not complied with causes the immediate disqualification of the offender.



Charlie Sandru, a Youthful Hercules.

and is not easily alarmed when in the company of its fellows. The other horses do not appear to mind the sound of the gong, the sparks, the din, why should I? Thus the new-comer soon acquires the calm courage of the veteran. But put such a horse in a novel position, make it face something in appearance terrible, and it would probably be just as nervous as the green colt fresh from pasture.

New York's fire horses are invariably supplied by one of the big Twenty-fourth street firms of dealers. For years I. Pabian had the contract, and now it is held by Messrs. Doerr & Carroll, of the Blue Front Horse Exchange.

Each horse is numbered as soon as received, a tag being secured by a strap to the neck, but the naming may be done by the men themselves.

Next time you see the engines from No. 10 going to a fire—and they are out nearly every day and night—just take a look at the new horse of the first machine, and then say if you don't think he does pretty well for a youngster, and reflects credit upon the patient kindhearted men, who have only had him in hand since the merrier month of May.

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